If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe mee: both are my kinsmen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cousin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd,

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as *Yorke* thriues to beat backe *Bullingbrook*.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Bush. Well, wee may meete ag
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Nor

Bull. How farre is it my Lord
North. Beleeue me noble Lor
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hils and rough v
Drawes out our miles, and make
And yet your faire discourse hath
Making the hard way sweet and
But I bethinke me what a weari
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting y
Which I protest hath very muc
The tediousnesse and processe o
But theirs is sweetened with the h
The present benefite that I poss
And hope to ioy is little lesse in
Then hope inioyed: by this the
Shall make their way seeme shor
By sight of what I haue, your no
Bul. Of much lesse value is m
Then your good words. But wh

Enter Harry Per

North. It is my sonne, young
Sent from my brother Worcest
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?
Per. I had thought my Lord
North. Why? is he not with
H. Per. No my good Lord, h
Broken his staffe of office, and
The household of the King.
North. What was his reason
When last we spake together.
H. Per. Because your Lordshi
But he my Lord, is gone to Rau
To offer seruice to the Duke o
And sent me ouer by Barckly to

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA